



ICD

OCTOBER 25¢

SICK

A Grim
Collection of
Revolting
Humor

PRINTED
ON EARTH

KHRUSCHEV'S
LOVE LETTERS



WIN \$100.00
in SICK contest

PROGRESS IS THE MOST
Vestonhouse
IMPORTANT PRODUCT

CASTRO'S BEARDED
SWEETHEART



Who's the SICKEST
one of all?



Turn to back cover for exciting climax

**SICK
CUT-
OUTS**

TONI CURTIS ★ JACKIE LEMON

PAPER DOLLS





"We have a really, really big shew... Here is an act that has been killing the people all over Europe. It comes to us from Israel after a long run in South America... Let's really hear it now for Adolf Eichmann..."

Editorial...

Sick Humor is Growing up

SICK jokes are dead. The so-called sick comedians buried them. Sick humor has now become identified with intel-

lectual jokes critical of the sacred cows and sacred "bulls" of America.

ITS exponents include Mort Sahl, Shelly Berman, the team of Elaine May and Mike Nichols, Bob Newhart, Jonathan Winters, Don Adams and Phyllis Diller. The new sick humor is healthy in the sense that criticism is healthy.

CRITICISM is healthy here in the U.S.A. that is... in Russia criticism is most unhealthy.

OF THE sick comedians, only Lenny Bruce remains sick in the true sense of the word. If the others were "sick", they're now convalescing.

BY THE new definition of sick humor, the first sick comic in America would actually be the first critic of the existing order. He would probably be Patrick Henry, who according to history, pulled that famous one-liner, "Give me liberty or give me death," which probably led several members of his audience to comment: "Boy, is he sick."



THE COVER

ARTIST LEO MOREY, a graduate of Louisiana State University, is a civil engineer. He did free lance art work in Buenos Aires, Argentina and Lima, Peru, before coming to New York. As you can see, Leo specializes in science fiction covers. Besides doing the art work for SICK's front and back covers, he did the art on Airline ads and Elvis Presley Movie Roles. Leo is currently under observation at Sleepyrest Sanitarium in a state of inertia, which is just outside New Jersey.



A Grim Collection of Revolting Humor



Good For What Ills You



VOL 1—NO. 2

OCTOBER, 1960

JOE SIMON
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DEE CARUSO
and
BILL LEVINE
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and writers

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Associate Editor
PAUL LAMONT
Idiot
ANGELO TORRES
Art
DR. WIPPLEPOOP
Psycho Editor

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Letters

LETTER FROM POPPA

To My Boy:

I just read a new magazine called *SICK*. I want to warn you about this magazine and its contents. It is a terrible magazine—it isn't so bad if you read it through quickly, but I read it four times now and my finger is turning green.

I want you to add *SICK* to your "don't do" list which I gave you when you left for Barber's College. You'll remember I told you the following don't do's: Don't smoke, Don't drink, Don't go out with girls, and Don't read *SICK*.

You'll get a good education this way and not develop any bad habits.

The big trouble with colleges today is that they're wasted on college kids. I want you to get all the advantages that I missed as a kid like you.

Signed—

Your Poppa.

WE OF *SICK* are encouraged by all the wonderful letters received from *SICK* readers and grateful for the new sick jokes which they included in their letters. Here are a few samples of each:

DEAR SICK:

May I congratulate you on your excellent magazine? It is the funniest, wittiest and most humorous magazine that I have come across in a long time, and being a Vampire I should know.

It shows the work of young, intelligent men—and that's what we need—young blood in the business.

If you start a letter column, I do hope mine gets in—I've got a lot at stake. Plasma and Type O negative (RH) blood can be sent to my address.

David C. Paskow
817 West 66th Avenue
Philadelphia 26, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THANK YOU, DAVID, THE RED CROSS BLOODMOBILE WILL BE IN YOUR TOWN SHORTLY.

DEAR SICK:

I thought I was sick. Then I read your magazine,

Oscar Levant

SICK thanks K. O'Neill, 617 Mississippi Avenue, Silver Springs, Maryland, for the following sick jokes:

"Aside from that, Bettina, how was your trip to the auto races?"

"Aside from that, Miss Turner, that's a lovely little girl you have."

"Besides the airplane, Liz, what were his other hobbies?"

"I don't care for a drink, Flavius," said the slave overseer, "I have to drive."

Vulture: "This is the most delicious meal I ever ate."

2nd Vulture: "Never mind that—finish it before someone buries it."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank you, K. O'Neill, and welcome to the club.

DEAR SICK MINDS:

I read your first magazine. WOW. That's all I could say. Hurry up and put out some more copies.

Sickingly yours,

Bob Cordon
R. D. #2 Box 134B
Clairton, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR OF *SICK*:

Why don't you quit while you're ahead?

Harlon Heidelmeier
1913 Street 15th Ave.
Broadview, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We're winning 99 points.

(Continued on page 48)

The KNOW-IT-ALLS



THERE is a group of people in this world who have an abundance of knowledge about the world and the personalities who make up the world. These know-it-alls are usually found in coffee shops or cocktail parties speaking at length on all subjects.

THESE self-made authorities don't read newspapers or magazines—where they gather their abundance of facts is their secret. Unfortunately,

they don't know it all. It's not accurate, but this doesn't bother them, because by the "Know-It-Alls" code they are not required to be well-informed, as long as they act as if they are.

SICK recently held a party for the "Know-It-Alls" and overheard this conversation by two participants.

Al Capone is still alive, he's a LIFE photographer in Bombay.



Evo Peron runs a beauty parlor there.



Amelio Earheart is only lost to the press—she still sees her close friends.



Belo Lugosi is the captive of a colony of bats in a Milwaukee warehouse.



I knew he wasn't dead—he's got serums he hasn't touched yet...



Enrico Caruso is still very much alive, but his voice is shot.

Heinrich Himmler runs a boys' camp in Buenos Aires—and the boys love him.

Judge Crater is taking a prolonged vacation in Switzerland. People say he owns a Swiss cheese factory.



I've heard that but I think there are holes in that theory. It is true, cancer can be cured if you catch it early enough—in the filter.

If Fidel Castro shaves his beard, he's Dolores Del Rio. Khrushchev has been on the moon... That's where he met his wife.

The Lady who tricked Dillinger, known as the Red Lady in the underworld—was really an American Indian. Dillinger was buried with handcuffs—this has never been satisfactorily explained—at least not to Dillinger.

Germ warfare is the coming thing... The Russians have a bomb that is so powerful, if they ever drop it, within 12 hours, it will kill all the germs in the world...

Dennis Morgan is Jewish—his real name is Mazzola. Sandra Dee is 56 years old, she just dresses young... Bobby Darin is a Philadelphian.

He doesn't look it... If World War II had lasted for two more years, the Germans would have had the Atomic bomb... dropped on them.

The Kimkosi's were the world's most economical air force, they never had to refuel.

Tab Hunter's real name is Tab Hunter.



Talkies

GUYS in our SICK group sit up at night watching the Late Late Movie and the Early Early Late Movie with the sound turned off and supply the dialogue for the pictures.

SICK shows you how this is done as we present—

EARLY EARLY MOVIE



"Do you really think it's too much vest?"



"I work and slave 30 years to give her an education and now she tells me she wants to be a clown."



"Idiot, don't pity me, I'm standing on the captain's shoulders."



"Blumberg . . . that sounds Jewish to you?"

LATELY, SICK has been seeing a lot of advertising for foreign airlines. The big trouble with these ads is that they don't make full use of the potential their countries have to offer. Here's what would happen if a country's distinguishing characteristics were used in

ADS FOR FOREIGN AIRLINES

FLY BAOC

ALL SEATS RESERVED (VERY RESERVED)

London—3½ Hours

Stratford-on-Avon—A Fortnight



British airlines are as reliable as Big Ben... Each air cruiser was made by a Swiss Watchmaker. It has to be wound up before take off. Every flight is done in the best of taste... Our stewardesses are trained to ignore you. Stuffy BAOC pilots withhold all flight information. When you fly BAOC, you're in an atmosphere that is long on tradition... short on gas.

FLY B.O.A. (DRINK TEA AND) C.

FLY JAPANESE NATIONAL

WITH KAMAKAZI PILOTS TO TOKYO

The experience of a lifetime. You'll fly with real Kamakazi pilots... Men who didn't get a chance to fulfill their missions—yet. You'll drink Saki with crew members... You'll join in the fun of strafing Pearl Harbor (Available to First Class passengers only.)

Your genial host, Sessue Hiakiawa, will serve you oriental dishes... Pat Suzuki, Frances Nuyen, Shirley Yamaguchi... You'll learn what "Sayonara" really means.

Free Tickets to the famed Kabuchi Theater where you will thrill to "Flower Drum Song" as performed by an American Road Company.

ONE STOP TO TOKYO

(that stop is not necessarily an airport)



FLY RED STAR

THE AIRLINE OF THE STARS

Tour the Soviet Union and see all famous Russian landmarks: Van Cliburn, Bob Hope, Vicecount Montgomery, Irving R. Levine, your NBC correspondent, the unexpurgated version of "My Fair Lady" . . . You'll see all the new Chaplin movies. A left-over cast will do "Porgy and Bess" . . .



Selling one-way tickets only. Fly RED STAR and learn first hand what "peaceful coexistence" really means, as practiced by our pilots and stewardesses.

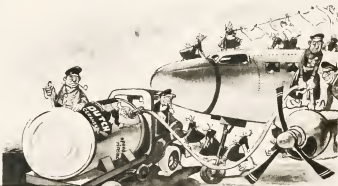
FLY KML

AND FEEL
REALLY CLEAN...

HOLLAND'S CLEANEST AIRLINE—

HOLLAND'S ONLY AIRLINE...

Our planes fly on Dutch Cleanser. Fly the clean way . . . our spotless pilots don't even have a dirty thought . . . KML flies the cleanest route to Europe . . . Under the Atlantic. Even our wheels are immaculate. They never touch the runway. That's why our pilots must specialize in belly landings.



We've never had a dirty passenger—In fact, we've never had a passenger. Our planes are really clean.

FLY QUANTES

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRLINE

It's just a short hop from New York to Australia . . .

Only 2 hours and 15 minutes—by cable.

When in Australia, you'll be charmed by the hospitality of Sydney, and his wife Sylvia. The jungle is always within walking distance of your hotel room (for the beasts). At its present rate of growth the jungle should serve as a tropical background for your visit to such large cities as Melbourne. Come this year—next year the jungle may bury Melbourne.



Fly in Quantes' four-engine Boomerang Jet. If you miss the airport in Sydney, there is no charge for your return trip. You can say you vacationed in Australia without ever leaving the plane. And this is the best way to see Australia.

OUR PLANES NEVER BUCK
HEADWINDS, ALWAYS FLY
SIDEWARDS.

FLY LUFTWAFFLE

THE AIRLINE THAT FLEW HITLER
TO BUENOS AIRES

NOW FLYING LIMITED

SCHEDULE ONLY—

TODAY, NEW YORK TO BERLIN

TOMORROW—THE WORLD

A MODE OF TRAVEL

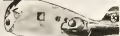
FOR EVERY BUDGET

FIRST CLASS

TOURIST

STORM TROOPERS

POW's



Choose from two deluxe sky
cruisers... the "Spirit of Munich"
and the "Eva Braun". Ride up
front with congenial co-pilot Her-
man Goering. Learn first hand
how Germany lost the war and
won the Nueremberg war trials...

FLY-BY- NIGHT LINES

AVOID DAYTIME DISASTERS

... Hear what
the celebrities have to
say about Fly-By-Night:

GLENN MILLER: The sound
of the motors of a Fly-
By-Night plane is music
to my ears—there—I
think I hear one of them
missing.

WILL ROGERS: I never met
on airline pilot I didn't
like.

LESLIE HOWARD: I never
met a cowboy star I
didn't like.

CAROLE LOMBARD: Why is
one wing shorter than
the other?

WILEY POST: The last plane
I traveled in, the pilot
tried to dig a tunnel
through the Rocky Moun-
tains.

MIKE TODD: This must be
the economy run—the
fuel tank leaks.

THE AIRLINE AD
YOU'LL NEVER SEE...





crack in the mirror

A NEW MOVIE using a technique known as double vision. In the picture, three actors play six parts—you can get the same effect by going to any regular movie and getting drunk before you enter the theater.

The cast includes Orson Welles, Juliette Greco, Branford Dillman, Orson Welles, Juliette Greco, and Branford Dillman. Orson Welles plays two major roles in the picture. It's a good movie, but you've really got to like Orson Welles or you're dead!

If you don't dig Orson Welles, you'd better dig Juliette Greco, because you'll see a lot of her in the picture—both of her.

The plot of the story centers around two triangles. In each triangle an older man is in love with a woman who, in turn, is in love with a younger man. Luckily, Juliette Greco is the woman in both triangles—otherwise there would have been utter chaos.



Here are the three stars of the picture in the six roles—see if you can match the twins and pass the SICK sobriety test.



Juliette Greco as Eponine plays a poor girl who has to live with a brutish, old man because she is so poor. She is pictured here standing in the living room of their home. She is thinking to herself: "Should I redecorate the dining room or leave the orange crates where they are?"



1. Orson Welles plays Emile, the brutish old man who lives with Eponine. He works on a construction gang and likes the way Eponine is built. Eponine thinks he's a dirty, old man with an edifice complex.



2. Eponine is really in love with Robert (Bradford Dillman). Larnier, who is also dedicated to construction. In this scene, Robert is telling Eponine to run away with him since two can starve as cheaply as one, but she refuses, saying that she is spoiled and selfish and wants the luxuries of life like food, clothing, and shelter.



3. In the other triangle, Juliette Greco plays the part of Florence, who is the mistress of a fat, brutish old man, Lamorciere (Orson Welles, remember him?). They are pictured in their living room. It is not really their living room, it's a hotel lobby, but they live in hotels because they find it cheaper than renting an apartment. Staying at hotels can be cheaper if you live in lobbies like they do.



4. Now, pay attention, because here is where the story starts getting involved. Florence (the rich mistress) is in love with Claude Lancastrre, a young attorney. (Doesn't he look like Robert?) In this scene they have decided to kill Orson Welles, but the reason they look so confused is they don't know which Orson Welles to kill.



5. The two lovers call up the rich Orson Welles to ask him if he is the one they have to put out of the way, but he says he doesn't know 'cause he hasn't finished the script.



6. They next go to see the poor Orson Welles and he is puzzled and asks: "If I have an edifice complex, does that mean I love tall or short buildings?"



7. Our story gets rolling again when Orson Welles (the poor one) wakes up one morning dead. The poor boy and the poor girl are accused of the murder.



8. Now get this—the young lawyer takes on Juliette's case to save her life and break her of the smoking habit.



9. We're not too sure of this, but we think the rich lawyer, (*Clarence Darrow*) acts as defense attorney for the poor boy (*Leopold Loeb*). We wouldn't swear to this, at this point in the picture we got up to get a drink.



10. We won't reveal the ending of the picture because we didn't understand it. But it has something to do with double jeopardy or doublecross or Doublemint gum. Anyway the boy and the girl—or the boys and the girls—live happily ever after—we think.



11. A footnote to the picture is that Juliette Greco did not break the smoking habit, in fact, she reports, playing the dual role led her to smoking twice as much. In her next picture, a musical for the same studio, entitled: "*Her Next Picture*", Juliette plays the part of the Andrew Sisters, Branford Dillman plays the Four Lads and Orson Welles plays the Fort Dix Marching Band. The picture will have a cast of thousands. The studio is currently looking for someone to play the cast of thousands. If you wish to apply for the part, just send the studio a group picture of yourself.

PROBING TV INTERVIEW SHOWS WITH SENSATIONAL EXPOSE TECHNIQUES HAVE MADE THEIR MARK ON AMERICAN TV—THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES... ANY PERSONALITY, WHO APPEARS ON THESE SHOWS, SITS IN THE GLARE OF HOT LIGHTS AND BECOMES THE TARGET FOR MANY EMBARRASSING AND LEADING QUESTIONS. THE HOT LIGHTS AND THE SCORCHING QUESTIONS HAVE SENT MANY A "GUEST" HOME WITH A BAD, "THIRD-DEGREE" BURN...

NOW, SICK PRESENTS A TYPICAL PERFORMANCE OF ONE OF THOSE PROBING TV INTERVIEW SHOWS...

Mike Lawless' NITE-HEAT

by
DEE CARUSO
and
BILL LEVINE



This evening, Niteheat will welcome back Frank Haward, who is paying Niteheat a return visit. Frank was

only too happy and too anxious to appear on the show again to face

the new charges we've dug up against him. Isn't that right, Frank?



That door is locked, Frank.

I just wanted a drink of water, Mike.

We have water, came back here and sit down.



Well, enough of these pleasant memories. At our last interview, Frank, we exposed you for what you are—a crook, a liar, a thief—

—and a traitor to my country.

Yes, and a traitor to your country, but that was six months ago, now that you're back on your feet, let's see what further slander my staff has dug up on you. It says here in the October 5th issue of the Okapauke Swamp News that you were responsible for raising funds for the wonderful construction of a seven million dollar dam in Death Valley...

You named it Progress Dam. Why that name, Frank?

Well, Boulder Dam got its name because it will hold back boulders, so we called our dam, Progress Dam—



BECAUSE IT WILL
HOLD BACK PROGRESS...

It is recorded here that construction on the dam cost only one million dollars, yet you raised funds amounting to seven million dollars. Can you tell us what you did with the other six million dollars, Frank?

No...

Frank, on June 12th, 1913—

Let's not bring that up—I was just a kid, Mike—I didn't know what I was doing—a crazy, mixed-up kid.

On February 5th, 1916—

I was young, Mike—a green kid.



Last April...

People get old and foolish, Mike... Oh, Mike, could I have some of that water now?

I guess so.

If you don't want to tell us where the six million dollars from the dam went, Frank, would you care to tell us who was in on the deal with you?

No...

Now, getting back to you, As a graduate yourself, Frank, what are your views on Juvenile Delinquency?

I think it is a terrible thing.



Now, tell me, Frank, what has happened to you since our first interview?

I lost my job.

That great executive job you had, Frank?

Yep, I lost it.

That's wonderful! I guess that was because I mentioned the funds you embezzled from the orphanage in Baltimore.

I think that did the trick, Mike. They didn't say nothin'. Just threw me out.

May I smoke, Mike?



No... Did any thing else happen that might be of interest to our viewers?

They took away my Boy Scout Troop.

The scouts of den 44, Frank?

And the den...

Guess that was due to my revealing the guns you were smuggling to the Mau Mau Terrorists...

May I have a glass of water, Mike?

May I have a glass of water?

No... Tell me, Frank, did the show create any family problems?

I lost the wife and kids.

Sorry, Frank, I didn't hear you?



You lost Mary—that lovely wife of yours?

And the kids...

Not those two darling children?

Three, Mike.

She probably objected to my mention of your mistress.

That probably was it, Mike. She didn't say—just left and took the two children with her.

Three, Frank.

Frank, you lost your wife, lost your two darling children, lost your job, your Boy Scout Troop—and the den—Why did you come back on the show?

It was for my mother-in-law. She missed the first show.



Just the other day I was walking down the street, when a little kid came up to me and said: "Bang, Bang, you're dead." Isn't that silly, I wasn't dead. I had two slugs in my shoulder, but I wasn't dead...

About your childhood, Frank. You were quoted by the *Poultryman's Journal* as saying that you never played on the streets of New York like the other kids. Why was that?

As a kid, I lived in Chicago, Mike.

That makes sense, Frank. It has been said of you that throughout your life you have constantly been in close association with some of the most notorious gunmen, killers and hoodlums of the underworld. Is that true?

You can't turn your back on your own flesh and blood...



Our informants also tell us that you were responsible for the mysterious disappearance of Johnny Apostle, Tammy the Thumb, Georgie the Glick, the Chicago Ram Championship Football team of 1941, and the Rager Smith Boys Choir of Philadelphia.

A date was just handed me, Frank, that as soon as this interview is over, there are two police officers waiting to speak to you.

They want to speak to me? What for?

It seems your car is blocking a driveway...

Thank you, and goodnight, Frank Howard.



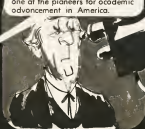
That door is locked, Frank.



What is Frank Howard? Some will say he is a crook, a liar, a cheat and a thief. Then, there are others who will call him—a thief, a cheat, a liar and a crook. Whatever Frank Howard is—tonight, he's under arrest... Now for the story of J. Robinson Hewlett, American scholar, historian, philosopher and politician.

J. Robinson Hewlett is a fine up-standing leader in American thought. He is a professor of History at Baylor University, and was twice sent to the Congress of the United States from his native state of Maryland. He is a man who, no less an authority than *TIME* magazine, called a leader in American politics and one of the pioneers for academic advancement in America.

Now, tell us, Bob, just how long have you been a Communist?



If
 Sherlock Holmes
 were to
 investigate---

That Barber Shop Murder

THE cases that the great Sherlock Holmes has solved are legion . . . There was the "Case of the Legion of Decency" . . . "The Murder at the American Legion" . . . and "The Last Alien of the Foreign Legion," to name a few.

HOLMES was a master criminologist. He had a wide knowledge of every conceivable subject, all completely unrelated to crime. But he possessed a domineering personality and together with his preponderous amount of miscellaneous facts he was unbeatable.

WHEN he singled out the guilty party in a crime, his conclusions were final. He sent many innocent men to the gallows, but was still honored the world over—mainly by the real perpetrators of these crimes.

WE have depicted here, Sherlock Holmes' most famous case—

COMMISSIONER, IT'S BEEN SIX MONTHS SINCE THE MURDER. YOU TOLD ME NOT TO MOVE ANYTHING. I WANT TO SWEEP UP THE PLACE, WE'RE UP TO OUR NECK IN HAIR... O.K., IT MAY BE USED AS EVIDENCE, BUT WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE THE BODY? HE'S SENDING TWO MEN RIGHT AWAY.



GOOD
 WE
 NEED
 THE
 SHEET

1

BUSINESS HAS REALLY DROPPED OFF SINCE THE SHOOTING. NO ONE WILL SIT IN A CHAIR FACING THE WINDOW.



SIGH!

I'M SHERLOCK HOLMES, BUNKER SQUAD, AND THIS IS MY STOOGES, WATSON. WE'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE THE MURDER.



2

BEFORE YOU BEGIN, MR. HOLMES, I WANT TO TELL YOU ONE THING—YOU'VE GOT YOUR HAT ON BACKWARDS.

HOW DO YOU KNOW WHICH WAY I'M GOING?



3

I'D LIKE SOME BACKGROUND ON THE VICTIM—WATSON, WHAT DO YOU HAVE?

ASTORIA WAS BORN IN THE BRONX, HAD LITTLE FORMAL EDUCATION.

JUST GOT THROUGH GRADE SCHOOL.



4

THAT'S **ELEMENTARY**, MY DEAR WATSON. **ELEMENTARY**. TELL ME, SIR, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A BARBER AND WHERE DID YOU STUDY?

FIFTEEN YEARS AT **MAFIA UNI-VERSITY**. THERE IS MY **DIPLOMA**.



5

WHAT DOES THE **INK PLOT** IN THE SWAVE OF A **HAND** SIGNIFY?

IT'S A **PICTURE** OF **OUR** **CAMPUS** LOCATED ON **FINGER LAKES**.



6

NOW, AFTER THE SHOTS WERE FIRED—WHAT WERE THE **VICTIMS** DYING WORDS?

HE SAID—"NOT SO CLOSE WITH THE **CLIPPERS**."



7

I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT?



8

I DON'T KNOW—BUT OF THIS YOU CAN BE CERTAIN. HE WANTED TO **TELL** US SOME-**THING**. NOW, I'D LIKE TO CONDUCT A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION, SO WILL EVERYONE PLEASE WASH THEIR **HANDS**?

WHILE I'M HERE I MIGHT AS WELL GET A MANICURE



9

WAAA! THIS **MANIC** HAIR IS FRACED ON THE RIGHT AND YET HE HAS **CALLUSES** ON HIS LEFT HAND

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, **HOLMES**?



10

ONLY ONE THING—THIS IS **NOT** THE MURDERED MAN LOOKING OVER THE HOTEL'S AGENDA FOR THAT DAY. IT SEEMS THE **STAFFORD** CLUB WAS HOLDING A SHOOT ON THE GROUND FLOOR. THEREFORE, I THINK IT PERFECTLY **OBVIOUS** THAT THE **MURDERER** IS IN THIS ROOM

MY HANDS ARE CLEAN



11

WE MUST REENACT THE CRIME. BARBER, YOU SIT IN THE CHAIR—NOW ANNE, HOLD THE GUN WITH YOUR LEFT HAND OVER YOUR RIGHT SHOULDER, AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD FIRE INTO HIS RIGHT TEMPLE ALL RIGHT—

FIRE!



12

BLAM!



13

HE'S DEAD!

JUST AS I THOUGHT

WE'VE KILLED THE **FOUR** CHAMBERLAINS.



14

YES, WATSON! BUT WE'VE FOUND THE **MURDERER**... THE **MANICURIST**

NO!



15

IF YOU'LL NOTICE HER **PUMICE** STONE, YOU'LL SEE ETCHED IN IT, "M" LOVES "G.B.S." SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH THE MURDERED MAN

THAT'S NOT TRUE. G.B.S. IS MY MOTHER'S NAME.



16

THE BULLET WOUNDS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY HE COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN SHOT BY A **BIWANA** ELEPHANT GUN. THAT'S HOW I KNEW MARIE WAS THE MURDERER, WHO ELSE BOOKED PASSAGE TO THE UGANDA PROVINCE—THE ONLY SECTOR OF AFRICA INHABITED BY THE **TIBBOS**? THE **TIBBOS** USE THE **BIWANA** EXCLUSIVELY WHO ELSE COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT? WHO, HUH? CAN'T ANSWER IT. CAN YOU (THIS KIND OF SUMMATION GIVEN WITH RAPID-FIRE DELIVERY NEVER FAILS TO SHAKE A SUSPECT'S CONFIDENCE.) GOTCHA, HUH?



17

ALL RIGHT! I DID IT! DAMNED CONVINCING PERFORMANCE.

CALL THE YARD, WATSON.



18

AMAZING, **HOLMES**. BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT?

NOTHING, REALLY. WELL—

TELL ME COME ON ANY PLEASE PRETTY PLEASE WITH PLEASE ON IT

UNH-LH NOPE. WORST. WORST. WORST. WORST. WORST.



WELL, FRANKLY, WATSON, I DIDN'T KNOW—IT WAS JUST A **WILD GUESS**.

SIGH! ANOTHER ILLUSION SHATTERED



20

Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
who's the SICKEST of them all?

Lenny Bruce

"TO SAY AS MUCH AS I CAN GET
AWAY WITH AND STILL MAKE THE
AUDIENCE LAUGH."

LIKE the weather, everybody talks about Lenny Bruce, but nobody does anything about him except to make him richer. Bruce has said that everybody talks about sick humor, but nobody does anything about it. He proclaims that he is going to do something about it—he's going to do something about the people who talk about sick humor.

BRUCE was educated in burlesque, vaudeville, and the production end of "C" movies. He, therefore, impresses his audience as more than "just" a comedian—also as a polished mime and a Yiddish actor of sorts. Today Bruce has the single distinction of driving more people out of night clubs than any other comic, because of his ultra-frank, truly sick, and often shocking manner.

DURING his recent capacity engagement at New York's Blue Angel, his notices were largely unfavorable and frequently irate. Critics blasted the "insulting way in which he ridiculed races and creeds" and found him "undisciplined and unfunny." Bruce's terse reply was: "There's nothing sadder than an old hipster."

BRUCE's target is what he calls "first-plateau liberals." He openly discusses the daily evasions of these people and finds no subject too sacred to attack.

"Sitting ringside are two boys in show business who got their start... in the windy city—the wonderful Loeb and Leopold."

"If Nathan Leopold had any sense of humor, he would have grabbed another kid when he got out."

On mine cave-in: "Get away from there, kid, quit kicking dirt in the hole!"

"If you like foreign cars, we gotcha little Fuzzvutten here—this is a German car that was used a little bit during the war taking people back and forth to the furnace."

(Continued on page 49)



"I'm for 80 percent of religion ... but it's that active 20 percent that's the great social disorganizer."

"And Billy Graham certainly isn't the answer. I saw him about twenty times and all he talks about is the NEXT world."

"I'm not a crusader, I'm an egotist"

On Negroes being banned from Woolworth's lunch counters: "I don't know why they want to eat there anyway, the food is lousy."



"Please applaud loudly, Helen Keller is in the audience."



"Let's have a big hand for the lovable Adolf Hitler."



JOE SIMON

"All right, Junior, comb your face, drink your blood, bite Mamma good-night, and go to bed."

THERE'S one at every party, the guy who stands out from the rest of the crowd. The guy who everyone talks about after the party is over. The guy who really is the highlight of the evening—the guy who comes to the party wearing a dress.

WE have nothing for that guy, but we do have a monologue for a stand-up comedian at every party. The idea is to memorize this monologue and the next time you are a guest at a party, wedding, funeral or communist demonstration, deliver it and be the talk of the evening. If your timing is good, you can really move an audience with this routine. One word of warning, if the audience starts moving toward you, drop the monologue and go into a soft shoe. If the soft shoe fails, try the hard shoe.

THE SICK Monologue in our first issue has brought the following letters from SICK readers:

"Love your airline monologue. I've incorporated it into my act with great success."—*Mort Sahl, Sands, Las Vegas, Nevada.*

"Your hilarious 'Lifer of the Party' monologue certainly has made me 'The Life' of my party."—*Sen. John Kennedy, (D. Mass.)*

"I read your monologue for SICK comics and I wondered if I could use it on my next TV appearance?"—*Fidel Castro, Havana, Cuba.*

SICK now presents—



Authors: DEE CARUSO and BILL LEVINE have written comedy monologues for such nice club and TV comedians as Red Butters, Don Adams, Dick Van Dyke, Allen & Rossi, Mickey Menner and Rowan & Martin.

Their material can be heard on Off-beat Records, "Julius Monk Presents Take Five" and Signature Album—"Don Adams."

A MONOLOGUE FOR SICK COMICS

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, and welcome to Shock Theater. You probably don't know this, but I'm the first man in medical history to contract six incurable diseases, simultaneously. Next month, Jerry Lewis is going to do a telethon just for me.

I noticed when I mentioned that I had six incurable diseases, many of you began looking a little squeamish. I want to assure you, that these diseases are not contagious—at least not all of them. I think it's only fair to tell you that from the moment I walked into this room you were all placed under quarantine.

One of my diseases is called Dormal Cromotis. Dormal Cromotis, or "D.C." as we call it, is not painful, but it always makes you feel itchy. The patient is constantly wanting to scratch the inside of his throat. Dormal Cromotis is a neck disease. It turns your neck to jelly. I asked the doctor what I should do for it and he said, "There isn't much you can do, but keep your chin up."

He wants me to keep my chin up and my neck is turning to jelly.

D.C., or Dormal Cromotis, as we call it, isn't too big yet, but we're hoping that in a few years with the right kind of promotion, Dormal



Cromotis will be on everybody's lips... and then start spreading to their necks.

Oh, it will never be as big as TB or heart disease, but we think it will spread by word of mouth.

Making a disease popular is not as difficult as you might think. Actually, if you've got a good disease to work with with a good dramatic title, it will catch on in no time. You just have to expose enough people to it. Dormal Cromotis was first discovered in a giraffe at the Bronx Zoo and it attracted a lot of attention—particularly from other giraffes. But the giraffe died and interest began to diminish. Then I got it.

Having Dormal Cromotis has cut down on my social life. A lot of girls lose interest in me after they hear I have D.C. and five other incurable diseases. They think I'm too wrapped up in my diseases.

Diseases have not been popular in this country for many years—not since 1875, the year that the Bubonic Plague got such a big play. That year the Bubonic Plague was a household word. The other household word in America was "Help!!"



I've adjusted to having all these diseases. It isn't so bad once you know which ones you have. I had thirty-four exploratory operations

through which my doctor learned one thing—that I bled easily.

Dormal Cromotis is my most dramatic disease. I wanted to tell you about, because there is a lot of ignorance and fear connected with this disease—among doctors, not patients. One doctor told me he wouldn't touch me with a ten foot pole. He was referring to his nurse who was Polish and was ten feet tall.

Doctors do know this much about D.C. It kills within five hours. I've had it since March and I've never felt better in my life—I've lost 130 lbs. in just the last week...

I would like to tell you about my other five incurable diseases, but when I talk about them it turns my stomach. That's another one of my problems. I've got a floating stomach. Right now it's floating past my right knee—it's all right as long as I don't try to kneel down...

I'M A SUCCESS AFTER 90



MRS. VERA SENILE
becomes a lobby
scrubwoman as a
result of **LAWLESS**
training.

"I had no previous experience in a hotel until I met Mr. Lawless. This was in 1902—right next door to 1904. Now I own a country club—and if Mr. Lawless ever shows his face around here I'll bash him over the head with it!"

HOW I STEPPED INTO A BIG PAYING HOTEL JOB

MR. HUGH BETCHA

becomes a night
relief porter as a
result of **LAWLESS**
training.



"Ever since graduating from the Lawless Hotel Training School my paycheck has gotten bigger and bigger—until today I get paid by a check measuring 8½ x 11 inches. And I owe it all to Mr. Lawless!"

GET INTO A WELL-KNOWN HOTEL POSITION

(WE PROMISE THERE WILL BE NO RAID)

Lawless trained men and women are now making good as dish washers, chambermaids, pickpockets, con-men, safe crackers, and in many other interesting and diversified hotel positions.

We can't promise you a position as hotel owner. Then again we won't promise you a position as bellhop. What we'll do is compromise. Act today and we will get you into a compromising position in one of the country's leading hotels.

— This offer is limitless —

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Send today for our free 52,877 page pamphlet entitled "How to Beat a Hotel for Your Bill." Remember—Conrad Milltown started this way.

**LAWLESS HOTEL
TRAINING SCHOOL**
Lighthouse No. 783
Indian Ocean, Asia

PLEASE SEND FREE BOOKLET

NAME

ADDRESS

BANK BALANCE

(If there is no reply—Please forget you saw this ad)

**41ST UNSUCCESSFUL
YEAR**
(BUT WE KEEP TRYING)

You thought you saw the last of TV tear jerkers when "Strike It Rich" was put off the air by the SPCA. But there is still a program slobbering across the TV screens which makes "Crime and Punishment" look like a musical comedy and a Tennessee Williams play sound like "Father Knows Best". Always in the market for a good laugh or a good cry, SICK now presents—

TV Ward

QUEEN FOR THE DAY

Good afternoon, America, and welcome to Queen For The Day, the Cinderella show that glorifies a different woman each day. This is your host, Jack Bully, ready to interview the four charming ladies seated at the table. Today, we have four contestants who want to give vent to some self-pity and tell us what problems are plaguing them and making their lives miserable, so that you can know them all and share all their misfortunes yourselves. Queen For The Day brings a depressive note into your life—a little misery and unhappiness to mar an otherwise delightful day. This maudlin form of entertainment reflects the existing tastes and attitudes, not of the entire nation, but of a representative portion of network executives. Now, let's see who will be named our QUEEN FOR THIS DAY—



All right, let's begin the fun with our first contestant and find out what incurable disease, personal disaster or national tragedy she has brought us. I'll start the questioning by telling you that our first guest's name is Rachelle O'Hara and she's self-employed. Now, Rachelle, what makes you think you should be named—Our Queen For This Day?

My husband is bankrupt, besides being stupid and impotent. My daughter has an unwed child and my son just made 300,000 five dollar bills with a picture of Nelson Eddy in "Maytime" on them.

I lost my home, my business, my health, and my picture card collection.

keep it up, honey, you're doing great. The audience loves you. Now, tell us what do you want if you became our Queen.

I'd like to get back my old business.

Selling good luck charms.

Isn't that the most hysterical thing you ever heard? I tell you, let's hear it for her problem, folks.

Wow! This show always breaks me up. Well now, here comes contestant number two. Tell us, sweetheart, what is your suffering, and why do you think you ought to be our Queen For This Day?

I'm Mamie Klotz. My life was happy and joyous until last week when I learned I held the winning ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes.

If you won the Irish Sweepstakes, what's the problem?

I'm not Irish.

That's a good inside joke. Try to pull yourself together by thinking kind thoughts of Dennis Morgan and we'll turn to contestant number three.

Now, who are you and why do you feel you've got a right to be Queen For This Day?

My name is Elizabeth Montbatten, I'm blue because my sister just got married and now my mother wants to get married too.

My problem is—I hate large weddings.

Personally, Liz I like your problem. It's a little ordinary, but frankly, I don't think you're the queen type, you don't cry enough and you lack that regal quality.

It's just a wonderful show—How do you like it so far, folks. Really breaks you up, we haven't had an incurable disease yet, but the show's not over.

Here is contestant number four. What kind of terrible, messy trouble are you in—other than what appears on the surface?

My name is Kim Schultz... I had a brilliant career as a Hollywood movie star before me, but it was destroyed by the introduction of new movie techniques.

Your brilliant Hollywood career was stifled when they introduced sound into movies?

No. When they introduced cameras.

You've got a honey of a problem and I'm sure you'll get a lot of audience sympathy.

Ain't we got fun, gang? All right, you've heard from our miserable guests with their miserable show, so now we let you, our miserable audience, decide who should be our miserable QUEEN FOR THE DAY...



The winner, according to our miserable electric applause meter—Number four—The lady who wanted to get into pictures...

And so we crown you, Kim Schultz, our Queen For The Day...

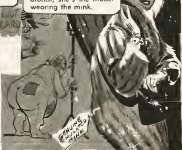


So tell me, your majesty, how does it feel to be crowned Queen Kim, our Queen for the Day—(she's overcome, folks). Being Queen for the Day entitles you to many expensive gifts and makes you supreme ruler over all your subjects, however, we have to draw the line somewhere—

one of our Queens last week pardoned a man about to be hung and called an emergency meeting of Parliament. Now, here are some gifts you have won—

This lovely gown will make you look like a queen, it is worn by model Francie Nadele and retails for \$500.98. That's the gown, not Francie...

Also, this \$900 mink coat is yours. We know this mink will make you look pretty as a picture, at least as pretty as a Rembrandt—Molly Rembrandt, she's the model wearing the mink.



In addition, your highness, here are just a few of the other little prizes you've won as Queen for the Day, will you open the curtain, please.

... a washing machine, a refrigerator, a split-level home complete with a split-level plot of land to build it on, a Rolls Royce, a baby grand piano, a grand baby, a portable swimming pool with a lifeguard, a pullman train, a going uranium mine, a real-live Eskimo, a lifetime supply of Kleenex and the city of Spokane, Washington.



Your Majesty, you now have everything a miserable woman could want to put her out of her misery, but you're still crying. How come you're still crying, huh?

All these good things happening to me, I just wish my husband was here to see it.

Where is your husband, maybe we can bring him to the studio?

He's down in the third row, blind drunk... You wouldn't have to bring him to the studio, you just would have to bring him to... Oh, I wish he could see all this...



THE wonderful thing about "make believe" is that it is so believable. Now take witches. There is a lot of fear and ignorance connected with witches . . . not among people—among witches. A lot of people think that witches bring bad luck and therefore they shy away from them. Actually, this is a stupid superstition. Witches can bring good luck if you get close enough to them to rub their backs,

drink cider from their slippers or ride on their brooms. For our love story this issue SICK asks you to literally make-believe (i.e. "make" and "believe") because our story is a fantasy (i.e. "fan" and "tasy"), or if you will, a modern "fairy tale" (forget it). Our scene is a large department store like Macy's or Gimbels, or Woolworth's. The characters, two window dressers—and their—



MANIKINS



Dick, everyone in the store is talking about you and Mildred.

Let them talk.



Did you have to bring her to the office picnic?

I thought no one would recognize her.



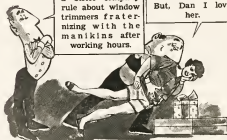
Recognize her? A store dummy at a picnic?

No one would have if she hadn't fallen into the lake and just laid there floating.



You know there's a strict company rule about window trimmers fraternizing with the manikins after working hours.

But, Dan I love her.



Dick—she's wooden.

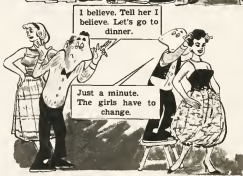
I know, but she's mine—and she loves me too. Ask her.



Dick, come out with me tonight. We'll get some real girls.

I can't—I'm having dinner with Mildred and her friend, Sally. Oh, Sally, this is Dan. Dan, this is Sally.







Gambling Preacher

A COUPLE of weeks ago, after a show, I was hungry and wanted to go to a White Tower for a hamburger . . . Inadvertently, by mistake, I wound up at the Watchtower . . . Readers, that hamburger changed my whole life.

Brothers and sisters, listen to me now . . . cause I'm preachin'. My sermon for tonight is entitled: "Three Coins in the Fountain." I'm going to talk to you about the fountain and about the three coins.

The fountain represents life itself—bubbling eternally upward. The three coins stand for the evils in life—money, sex, and . . . money. Now, I know what you're all thinking about those three coins—Make them mine, make them mine, make them mine . . .

But, brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, I want to tell you, money is evil. It rules the world today . . .

No one cares who you are or what you've done—the only thing that matters in this world today is how much evil a man has in the bank. As a child, I was at a party and the two guests of honor were Dr. Walter Reed, the discoverer of the cure for yellow fever and Mr. Clyde Stockwell, a Texas millionaire.

All evening nobody paid any attention to Dr. Reed, the man who conquered yellow fever. The

center of attention was Mr. Stockwell, the Texas millionaire—He *HAD* yellow fever.

I tell you, children, it's hard to get rid of evil. All the money I have on my person is a one dollar bill and this is for demonstration purposes only. Here's what I think of money. I rip it to shreds! You're asking how I can go on ripping up dollar bills. I'll tell you my secret—Scotch Tape . . . Every night I'm up in my room sitting and taping.

Now, if you all agree with me that money is evil, the next question to ask yourselves, brothers, is how to get rid of money—I'll tell you how—gamble. That's why the Las Vegas chapter of our organization sent me to preach to you. We don't know what the chapters back East are doing this year, but in Vegas we're pushing gambling.

Gambling has helped lots of people to rid themselves of money. The happiest man I know was once filthy with money. He woke up one morning and realized that money was ruining his life. He withdrew his entire life savings and flew to Las Vegas. He had heard of the good beng done by our Las Vegas mission . . . He put every cent he had in the world on one spin of the roulette wheel. Today, brothers and sisters, that man is a happy man. He owns a nite club, a swimming pool, the Las Vegas Public Library, and seven

"Knock twice if you hear me, Al!"



The family that plays together stays together . . .

key cities throughout the Southwest.

People have found salvation through gambling all through history. Look at Lady Godiva—that woman put everything she had on a horse. And she wasn't alone in her convictions . . . Here's a letter I received from a true convert: He says, "Brother Vegas, as a young boy I heard you preaching the glories of gambling in a little tent outside of Memphis, Tennessee. I've been gambling ever since. It's signed Albert Anastasia. That's the way, brother Anastasia. Knock twice, if you hear me, Al.

And brothers, if you are lonely, gambling brings people together. Go into that casino and stand next to a complete stranger. Two lonely people away from home. You bet \$5 on a game and he does the same. You both lose—now you've got something in common. You both think the dealer is a crook. You've made a friend—you've developed a friendship based on mutual distrust. The more you lose the closer friends you'll become. Brothers, that casino is full of friends. It's the friendliest casino in town.

Now, as is our custom, let's all join our voices in song. Open your hymn books . . . if there isn't a hymn book at your chair, look on with the person next to you . . . Everybody please turn to page 233, hymn number 827 and raise our voices and sing: "Show Tunes of 1938."

"I believe—every time a new born baby cries, a guy leaves town."

Stop singing, I'm getting a vision. Yes, I get visions. The last vision I had was in my hotel room. I got back to the hotel late one night. I

washed and undressed and got ready for bed and there was the most beautiful vision I ever saw . . . That vision stayed with me for an entire week . . . Nearly ruined my marriage.

I didn't come here to talk about visions . . . Who's going to lead that happy procession of believers into those green gambling tables. You, brother, are you ready to convert? Good.

Tell me, brother, are you prepared to go into that casino and gamble away all that filthy, unclean money in your pockets? Good.

How much of that filthy, unclean money do you have in your pockets at the present time, brother?

What's that—you're broke? Get this atheist out of here.

Don't get me wrong, brothers and sisters, I'm not prejudiced. I don't care what a man's beliefs are. I don't care if you're a poker player, a blackjack player, or a crap player—just as long as you go to the casino of your own choice.

Sure, you all say you go to the casino, but when? Only on holidays. Brothers, you've got to go every day.

And remember, when you go, bring the kiddies.

The family that plays together, stays together.

Now, we're going to find out if you believe. If you believe, let me hear you yell, all in unison repeat after me—Blackjack. **BLACKJACK** . . . Good, now let's all say Roulette—**ROULETTE** . . . That's good—now everybody all together as loud as you can—**CRAP**.

SICK AWARD



MOTHER OF
THE YEAR—
BEVERLY
AADLAND'S
MOTHER...



M...Is for the Many things she taught me,
O...Is because I Owe her all I know,
T...Is for the good Times that she brought me,
H...Is for her Hopes, both high and low.
E...Is for Experience, the best teacher,
R...Is for the Reform, that I need so.

Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
and she was more than a mother to me!



SINCE there are so many offbeat people around today, we figure that it gets very confusing as to what neurotic is suffering from what. So like in order to clear up matters, we have prepared a sort of index of different types of strange people, and arranged them into what we call our . . .

ALPHABET FOR SICK PEOPLE

A STANDS FOR ABNORMAL



Which means that you're sick
And you do things amiss,
The proof is right here
That you READ stuff like this!

B STANDS FOR BEATNIK



Who is pretty far out
And lives up to his name,
They TRY to be different
But all look the same!

C STANDS FOR CLOD



Just a simple type slob
And a real hard-luck pest,
In the restaurant the waiter
Spills the soup on HIS vest!

D STANDS FOR DIPSOMANIAC



A kind of a lush who,
When HE gets a notion,
He can even get plastered
On after-shave lotion!

E STANDS FOR ECCENTRIC



Sits up on a flagpole
For hours or so,
We wonder what happens
When he has to go!

F STANDS FOR FANATIC



Who really goes all out,
Strange drives make him
tick,
This guy is just too much—
He's SICKER than sick!

G STANDS FOR GOON



Who is not very bright
And what more can you say,
To a guy who thinks KEY
WEST
Is the brother of MAE!

H STANDS FOR HYPOCHONDRIAC



Who just THINKS that he's ill
And who's really a fake,
What he thinks of as cancer
Is a mere tummy-ache!

I STANDS FOR INTROVERT



Who keeps all to himself
And just lies on his bed,
In a world of his own
He is sick in the HEAD!

J STANDS FOR JUVENILE



A teenage delinquent
Who is not up to par,
He just STABS his old man
When he can't get the car!

K STANDS FOR KLEPTOMANIAC



He goes to a store
Just to pick up some stuff,
But the clerk doesn't know
That it's all on the CUFF!

L STANDS FOR LOVER



Who's the sickest of all
On romance he is fed,
But all we can say—
He's got ROCKS in his head!

M STANDS FOR MASOCHIST



Who thrives only in pain
And who loves to be beat,
You can get on his good side
With a kick in his SEAT!

N STANDS FOR NEUROTIC



He's the King of the sick,
Let's get down on our knees,
He's the kind of a guy—
Who WRITES sick books like
these!

O STANDS FOR ODDBALL



A guy who's a misfit
An offbeat old shnook,
He's out of place even
Right here in THIS book!

P STANDS FOR PARANOID



A guy who can listen
To people is rare,
But when THIS guy listens—
There's nobody there!

Q STANDS FOR QUEER



Which means that you're
strange
And you're not very straight,
Except in SICK circles
Where you probably rate!

R**STANDS FOR
RACKETEER**

In his flashy big car
Filled with blondes every day,
He **STILL** doesn't realize
That crime doesn't pay!

S**STANDS FOR
SADIST**

A type with a cruel streak
Who brings only woe,
When the masochist says "HIT ME!"
The **SADIST** says "NO!"

T**STANDS FOR
TRUANT**

Who takes off for the park
When he should be in school,
He may never learn nuthin'—
But he's nobody's **FOOL**!

U**STANDS FOR
UNSOCIABLE**

A guy who hates people
And all groups like mad,
A guy who does that now—
Just can't be **ALL** bad!

V**STANDS FOR
VOYEURIST**

A Peeping-Tom type
In the night he pervades,
This type **FIRST** got sick
When they made window shades!

W**STANDS FOR
WEIRDO**

Who puts twelve spoons of sugar
In his coffee, all neat,
But he never **STIRS** it—
He don't like it sweet!

X**STANDS FOR
EXHIBITIONIST**

Who is loud and uncouth
And who likes to show off,
Who breaks out in a **FRENZY**
When the doctor says "Cough!"

Y**STANDS FOR
YOGI**

Who gets into positions
With vigor and vim,
If you think that it's easy—
You're sicker than **HIM**!

Z**STANDS FOR
ZEN BUDDHIST**

Who searches for himself
With a passionate care,
No wonder he asks if
He's really **ALL THERE**!

"Consult, Dr. Sisters" has helped literally millions of love sick and confused listeners through her radio and TV programs. SICK now presents this famous authority to answer your questions. Consult has graciously volunteered to appear in this space each week to discuss problems of the heart, mind, kidneys and feet. Dr. Sisters is amply qualified for her role as advisor on life's problems, having a PhD. in prize fighting.

And now, for the questions, as troubled people—

CONSULT DR. SISTERS



QUESTION: I stayed out late with my boyfriend. My mother was very upset. did I do wrong?



Try to remember.



QUESTION: What is the difference between having a romantic and a platonic relationship with a boy?



If you have romance in marriage, chances are you will have a baby within nine months, whereas, if you have a platonic marriage, it will only take three months.



QUESTION: Is it true that elephants never forget?



Forget what?



QUESTION: Have you written any books on love making for teen agers?



Yes, two books—"Love Making from Seven to Nine" and "Love Making from Ten to Midnight."



QUESTION: Dr. Sisters, would you say a girl of thirteen is mature enough to know the meaning of true love?



All right—A girl of thirteen is mature enough to know the meaning of true love.



QUESTION: Can a marriage based on physical attraction last?



Of course, physical attraction is as normal as apple pie and ice cream.



QUESTION: How do you prefer being addressed—Dr. Sisters, Mrs. Sisters, or as Consult?



QUESTION: My mother says girls are more mature than boys and my father says boys are more mature than girls—which is right?



Yes.



QUESTION: My name is Oedipus. I'm in love with my mother and I killed my father. Then, when I realized what

I'm in love with an older man and want to marry him, but my mother says May and December marriages don't work out. What should I do?



I did, I tore out my eyes. What I want to know is, do you think I'm getting a complex?

They're both right.



QUESTION: My neighbor took a gate. Should I accuse him of the theft?



No, then he's liable to take offense.



QUESTION: My husband has a guilt complex. He insists he stole the Empire State Building—he thinks he took it away in a truck.



Don't get married in either of those months.



Dear Oedipus, loving your mother and hating your father is perfectly normal. However, tearing out your eyes was foolish.



If your husband stole the Empire State Building, he'll have trouble getting rid of it—the floors are all marked.



QUESTION: I've read a comet is a star with a tail on it, can you name one?



Yes, Rin Tin Tin.



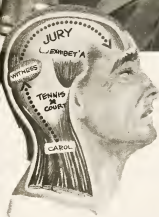
QUESTION: Dr. Sisters, I have a personal question. I know you are an expert on prize fighting, but have you ever fought professionally yourself?



Only once. I fought the Senate Investigating Committee.



**What does a DOCTOR do
when HE has a headache?**



How
Tension
Headaches
Start

4 out
of 3 doctors
recommend
ingredients in....



Feedomland has parking facilities for over 1,000,000 passenger cars if you pile them one on top of another in a large ditch, and that's the way we park them.

A visit to Feedomland is an unforgettable experience. Feedomland has everything—a pony express, an Indian raid, a Minsky raid, and just outside the grounds of Feedomland you will witness one of the biggest, longest traffic jams in American history.

Feedomland shows the development of a country. It has everything from race riots to lynchings, May Day parades to Ku Klux Klan meetings, the Valentine Day massacre to the McCarthy hearings and all those charming happenings that Americans often forget are a part of this country's heritage.

All Americans should visit Feedomland and bring their children... If you don't have any children, come out anyway and you can adopt some. We've got thousands of lost kids out here, screaming for their mothers.

Feedomland, like America itself, wasn't built in a day. It took two days. We have 12 snack bars and 41 restaurants, but only 30 exhibits. Food is served at reasonable prices if you think \$14.00 is not too much to pay for a frankfurter and roll.

At our authentic re-creations, you can ride a stagecoach, or be involved in an Indian raid. You can get the thrill of a real Western fight for survival and you can get scalped too. Some of those Indians mean business. You give them a horse and a gun and they'll revert back to savages in a minute.

Feedomland cost \$65,000,000 to build, but the creators of Feedomland are not in a hurry to make back their investment. They won't try to make it back in the first week of operation—they're willing to wait till the second week.



PANEL: MAP DIAGRAM

Feedomland is located at the most historical spot in America—the Upper Bronx in New York City. What is the historical significance of the Upper Bronx? It was the birthplace of the Brink's Robbery, the Appalachian meeting and too many people. Feedomland is easily accessible from Wyoming, Nevada, and Florida by subway. It is located in the cultural center of the United States—the garment area. Unlike other national parks which have toll highways and toll bridges collecting high tolls from visitors, Feedomland doesn't allow this kind of highway robbery. We have no highways or bridges, just tolls. Feedomland will tax your imagination, not to mention your pocketbook. It is as big as Dissyland, as dramatic as Little Rock, as costly as the Korean War...

**At Feedomland
you are an
eye-witness to
historical
American
*
spending.**

At Feedomland you will enjoy the thrill of the San Francisco earthquake every hour on the hour. Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Jeanette McDonald will guide you over streets filled with gapping crevices (please do not bring small children to Feedomland's Frisca Quake Fun Area).

Remember the Chicago Fire? Feedomland has it. Oh, it isn't as big as the first one, we only have 205 acres of dry grass to burn, but it makes just as much smoke. Your guides: Don Ameche and Alice Faye (no smoking please, in the Chicago Fire Fun Area). Admission is \$5.00 for adults, \$7.50 for children.

* At Feedomland we have Betsy Ross sewing an original American flag continuously. Due to labor regulations we employ three Betsy Rosses, but they look very much alike because they're sisters. Feedomland also employs eight Wild Bill Cody's, 10 Miss Feedomlands, 14 Uncle Sams and 15—15, mind you, Benedict Arnolds.

* One of the big attractions at Feedomland is Miss Feedomland herself... Mary-Jo Palmer of Huntington, Long Island. Mary-Jo is a telephone operator and wants to have a career in modeling. Her vital statistics are: She was born in 1936, which makes her 24 years old and she lives at 32 Oak Street...

* Ride in a real space ship, a Cape Canaveral reject. This is a replica of space ships leaving Cape Canaveral launching pads everyday. When they pushed the button to blast off this space racket, the racket just sat there, and the launching pad went into orbit. This rocket does everything but fly. Perfectly safe. Please do not allow children to breathe the exhaust fumes far too long a time.

* This is a reproduction of the first steam locomotive engine in the United States. Steam engines were used in United States before the Iron Horse, but those were on steam irons. We have other historic recreations at Feedomland. We have the actual U-2 spy plane that was shot down over Indianapolis, Indiana. This plane was off its course, it was supposed to be flying over the Turkish border.

* Thrill to an actual bloody battle of the Civil War. The soldiers here are exact replicas of Confederate soldiers. At the moment, they are between shows, but they're still demonstrating the prevalent attitude among soldiers during the bloody battles of the Civil War. A lot of soldiers in the war never really got involved in the battles. That's why the War Between the States was one of the most civil wars ever fought.





My Sick Sick World

by ol' Doc



SICK looks at current happenings around the sick world. It's a sick, sick, sick world...

Guy we know went to Berlitz Language School for six weeks and now he speaks Berlitz.

Poem to Dorothy Killgallen: "How do I love you, let me count the ways. 1... 2... 3... 4... 5, no scratch 5."

New show on TV called Divorce Court, shows actual divorce cases to bring out causes for marriage breakups. Since show went on the air, divorce rate has gone up alarmingly, people are rushing to get divorced so they can appear on the show.

The Beatniks of San Francisco have petitioned the President to recognize the city of San Francisco as a separate state of mind.

A district judge in Los Angeles was asked if Dr. Bernard Finch was continuing his practice during the time he was waiting for his retrial. The judge answered: "His practice of doing what?"

We think they should let Dr. Finch see patients while in prison though house calls should be restricted. We would also suggest a close inspection of the doctor's surgical instruments.



CASTRO'S BEARDED SWEETHEART—Fidel Castro has a secret love. She is with a traveling carnival. Fidel has always been a great lover of circus life and circus people. He once was in love with the bird lady in a Cuban circus. She sang like a bird, walked like a bird, and looked like a bird. Castro's love affair with the bird girl was short lived—a cat ate her.

Castro's new love is a bearded lady in Ringling Brothers touring company. Castro met her under the big top two years ago in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where he was selling beach umbrellas. Just recently the romance has started blazing again. It is said that when Castro and his bearded sweetheart make love, it looks like a brush fire.



K's LOVE LETTERS—One of the most overlooked romantics of the world is Nikita Khrushchev. Long after his efforts as a statesman are forgotten, his love letters will live on. While his diplomatic notes are terse and heartless, Khrushchev can be warm—yes, even passionate in his love life.

Few people who have ever read a Khrushchev love letter will ever forget the experience. Many have commented on how very romantic, how seductive and how Russian they were. Khrushchev often lapses into poetry in his letters and anyone who knows anything about the language knows how difficult it is to rhyme in Russian. For example, the Russian word for "moon" is "Sycovichowz", try rhyming June with that. (Russian word for June is February. This doesn't make sense until you've been in Russia in June.)

COMEDIAN Joey Bishop, is such a hit now. We remember him when he was just a struggling, young priest.

Triton Submarine completed an 83-day trip circling the world underwater on the same route that Magellan took. Magellan did it above water so he had the stars to guide him and you know what good guides the stars are—most of them were guides before they became stars.

FUNNY bit in the story of Mussolini's life is that the Italian dictator was afraid of heights. They practically had to drag him out onto those balconies.

New soap comes in six different colors so there's one for whatever color you come in.

Thought while viewing "Untouchables" on TV: Weren't there any Irish crooks?



ANOTHER war scene: Nazi spy reporting to his Gestapo chief in Berlin...

NAZI SPY: Heil, Chief.

GESTAPO CHIEF: Heil, Spy. Report.

NAZI SPY: Britain is mobilizing.

GESTAPO CHIEF: Idiot, of course they're mobilizing, we've been at war with them for two years.



AT ONE summer camp they were trying to impress the campers with equality so they bunked the rich kids with the poor kids. A lot of rich kids got robbed that summer.

The strike of Broadway shows in June brought to mind the question: "Did Jerome Robbins do the choreography for the picket lines?"

Russian TV has been stealing U. S. programs. Khrushchev has his own show on TV—"Leave It To Beaver"... There's a show about Russian schooner captains "What's Your Line?" and another tells the story about the refugee who escapes from Siberia each week—called "Mr. Lucky."

There is a cold war over whether Russian women or American women are more beautiful. A Russian cell leader has been quoted as saying that Russian women are more beautiful. This is to inform him that the most beautiful women in Russia are American spies—American male spies!



The PSYCHO WARD

A new inmate checked into the State asylum. Whereas most arrivals have a sullen non-cooperative attitude, this fellow was all smiles. In fact, he was laughing uproariously.

"Nearest kin?" queried the examining physician.

"Twin brother," responded the new patient. "We were identical twins. Couldn't tell us apart. In school he'd throw spitballs and the teacher would blame me. I had a girl. He ran off with her."

"Then why are you laughing so much? What happened?"

"What happened? Why, I died and they buried him!"

SICK

Two lunatics were playing a little game.

"What do I have here?" asked one with his hands cupped.

"Three navy patrol bombers," was the answer.

The first lunatic looked carefully into his hands.

"Nope," he said.

"The Empire State Building?"

"Nope."

"The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra?"

The first lunatic looked into his hands again and then asked sheepishly, "Who's conducting?"

SICK

A visitor at an asylum asked one of the attendants, "Do you have to keep the woman inmates separated from the men inmates?"

"Sure," the attendant replied, "these people aren't as crazy as you think!"

SICK

A mental patient was about to be released after a twenty-year confinement. Before putting on his new suit, he decided to shave. As he stood in front of the mirror, razor in hand, a nurse passing by called out to him, "Good luck, Harvey!"

As he turned to answer her, the razor caught the string supporting the mirror and it slipped to the floor. The patient turned around and found himself gazing at a blank wall.

"Darn it," he mumbled, "just my luck. Just as I'm ready to leave this place after twenty years. I've gone and cut my head off!"

SICK

A visiting psychiatrist, wandering through the wards of a state asylum, was particularly intrigued by a patient who sat huddled in a corner, scratching himself furiously.

"My good man," the doctor asked, "why do you sit huddled in a corner all day, scratching yourself furiously?"

"Because," the patient explained, "I am the only person in the world who knows exactly where I itch."

Elvis Presley is the spiritual leader of thousands. Lucky for Elvis those who recognize him as a spiritual force are the same people who control the nation's purse strings—the teen agers.

Now that Elvis has made the world safe for democracy and his albums. Hollywood will immediately be grinding out movies with Elvis as star. In no time at all, the studios will run out of story ideas. Elvis can't go on playing Marion Brande with sideburns forever, so SICK has compiled a series of roles that Hollywood can fall back on when they run out of Monster movies for him to make.

After studying the list, studio bosses and Elvis' fans may point out that the following roles don't give Elvis any opportunity to do any singing—we know that. That's why we went through all this trouble...

FUTURE MOVIE ROLES FOR ELVIS



THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY EYES



"THE HUNCH"—BACK AT NOTRE DAME



PRESLEY WAILS



THE RETURN OF FRANK N. STEIN



MIGHTY JOE COLLEGE



ELVIS SWINGS



ELVIS IN ILLINOIS



PRESLEY NOSE BEST



THE FORTUNE COOKIE MYSTERY



ELVIS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE



JUST ANOTHER PLAIN G. I.



ELVIS SINGS J. CONAN DOYLE



MICKY JELKE AND MR. HOGAN



SIN ALONG IN HAMLIN



THE GOOD SHIP LOLLIPOP



FACE IN THE CROWD



THE INVISIBLE HOUND-DOG MAN

THOSE **SMOKING CAR STORIES**
SHOCKING, (THE KIND MEN LIKE)
TERRIFIC

- The History of smoking cars in America.
- Duties of a smoking car porter.
- Are smoking cars running your health?



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—SELL CONTRABAND TO YOUR FRIENDS

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FEELS REAL!
IS REAL!

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\$2.00

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Letters

(Continued from page 5)

Other sick jokes submitted by readers include:

COP: (To man just knocked down by car) "Did you get a look at his face?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh any place."

I learned to swim when I was only six weeks old. My father threw me off the pier. It wasn't so tough to learn to swim—what was tough was getting out of that laundry bag.

Caryl Chessman to his dentist: "No, gas please."

DEAR KLODS:

I would like to thank you for your first edition of SICK! Don't be like some magazines and issue only one edition. Keep issuing them. You are much better than any other magazine in your field.

Jeff Allen,
6510 S. W. 65th Street
S. Miami, Florida

GENTLEMEN:

I have just finished reading SICK. I think it is very funny, but when I saw the Monologue for Sick Comics, I split. I want to know if the Monologue is going to be a regular feature.

Robert Gargano
1320 Dickinson Street
Philadelphia 47, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: New it is.

DEAR SICKIES:

I read your first issue yesterday and I enjoyed it very much. After I read it, I was violently ill, but now I only have slight attacks of nausea. Enclosed is my idea of a SICK cover and I hope you can use it.

Yours Sickly,

Kevin Jones
807 Rose Street
Kewanee, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks for the cover idea, Kevin, we will submit it to our art editor. He is at a place where he can only receive one piece of mail a month so be patient.

DEAR SICK MEN:

I read your first issue and it was a refreshing relief from those satire books that are all panels. How anyone can read 48 pages of panels I will never know. I particularly liked your "Looking Back on History" piece and have read it to my friends.

Lovingly,

Barbara Marx
West 79th Street
Manhattan, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Barbara, you say you read the book to your friends—we had to have it read to us.

TURN INTO A VAMPIRE!

AMAZE FRIENDS WITH CLEVER TRICK!

Be the life of the party! It really works! Presto! No gimmicks! No skill required! Instructions are given in special 270,498 page pamphlet. Yours for only 10 c. IF YOU ACT BEFORE MIDNIGHT!



GHOU! BROS.

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MAKE WOMEN

GO FOR YOU!



YOU WILL NOTICE A STRANGE POWER OVER WOMEN!

IT'S SO EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!

YES — women will go for you! They won't let you alone! They seek you out! They come tearing down your doors! They can't help it!



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- Truck Drivers
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(IN REVEALING POSES)

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LEARN AT HOME

Brutes are respected in every community. Girls go for them.

You can learn to be a brute AT HOME in YOUR SPACE TIME! Course endowed by top-ranking brutes everywhere. Earn while learning.

MEN... WOMEN... WRITE NOW, 12-90. TRIAL PLAN.

TRUSS SCHOOL FOR BLOCK BUSTERS
ISLAND No. 796 THOUSAND ISLANDS

Nothing makes a man
more masculine
to
a
woman...

...Than an earthy
odor! Start smelling
like a man! No
sissy aroma here.
Blended from the
finest extracts of
rare portuguese
sea-weed. Sprinkle
liberally under
arm-pits. The
exhilarating odor
will haunt you
forever!



FOR THAT VIRILE SMELL...

L'AIMAN
(THE MAGGOT)

by
CUTY



\$3.50 PLUS MASK

CUTY SALOON NEW YORK CITY
CUTY... THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY
THAT IS PITTSBURGH

Lenny Bruce

(Continued from page 22)

ONE OF HIS favorite routines is analysis of other comedians... Mike Nichols and Elaine May are the "Vic and Sade" of the younger comics; Alexander King is the "junkie Mark Twain"; and Shelly Ber- man is a "goyishe (gentile) Sam Levenson." Once when a show business trade paper lauded a veteran comic for his honesty and cleanliness, Bruce replied, "Yeah, his routine is to do take-offs on alcoholics, spastics, and punch-drunk fighters. Nice taste."

Bruce's monologues are some- times so fast and subtle that his audiences don't realize exactly what has hit them... accom- plished by speedy patter using jazz jargon, Broadwayese, and Yiddish dialogue.

His three successful albums on the Fantasy label are *Interviews of Our Times*, *The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce*, and *I Am Not a Nut, Elect Me*. It is estimated that he will gross around \$100,000 for his sick- ness this year.

In order to keep fellow pas- sengers from bothering him on train rides, Bruce has devised the following Benchley-like ap- proach:

"If you happen to be sitting next to an older woman on the trip, when she starts to make conversation, just breathe hard and say—'I don't know if you realize it or not, but I've been having a hell of a time keeping my hands off of you.'"

Other deterrents to pests who strike up conversations on bus or train trips are: "blowing your nose in your fingers, or saying, 'Do you smoke pot? It helps me to go to sleep.'"

The basic quality of Bruce's humor is that it makes people laugh—recognizing that laugh- ter is good medicine and con- ceeding that those who can take Bruce need medication,

SICK salutes Lenny Bruce, American Faith Healer:

Next issue: **SICK salutes Oral Roberts.**

"I got my job through the Classified Want Ads"



WANTED: College graduate with high school di- ploma. Opportunity with growing concern Hop- kins Nursery. (Salary Open. (It's opened by Hopkins, his wife, and his secretary.)

ROOM TO SHARE: Man wants to share apart- ment with young woman. She must be 34-38-36. —Must like pets. (Pets include: Waldo, an elephant; Harry, a snake; and Karlott, a gypsy fortune teller. Call Lexington 4-5478 between 9 and 5. Ask for W.Waldo. If a snake answers, hang up.

most revolting joke of the year



"Will the real Caryl Chessman please stand up . . ."



Name-That-Name Contest

HERE is another new Name-That-Name contest. We have had such a great response to our first contest, that we are going ahead with a second one any way.

YOU can have fun and laughs by trying to name the people on our cover. Get a group of your friends together some night and work on the names together. You can kill a lot of time this way or several lifelong friendships . . .

Who are these celebrities depicted on our cover? We don't know ourselves. That's why we're running the contest. Seriously, the reader who can identify this group of celebrities will win \$100. In case of ties there will be duplicate prizes and three dead judges.

In order to help you start guessing, here is one hint . . . Kaiser Wilhelm is not one of the personalities in the picture (Bet we had a lot of you fooled with that one). Others not in the picture include: May Britt, Orson Welles, Butch Jenkins, Sonny Tufts, Howard Morris, Sam Morris, Morris Morris, Adolph Eichmann, The Four Lads, Dr. Salk, Governor Dewey and Stanley Clemons. We hope that we have been some help to you.

ANSWERS are still pouring in for SICK's contest in the first issue. To facilitate complete and proper tabulation, winners of the first contest will be announced in the next issue of SICK. Winners of this contest will be announced in the fourth issue of SICK. Despite all the kidding we are really on the level with these contests, so stop laughing and start guessing.

Are You Giving The Wife Your Companionship She Craves?



YOU may be giving your wife all the love in the world. You may be showering her with kisses, and overpowering her with affection day and night. You may be the perfect romantic lover. But—are you giving her plain ordinary COMPANIONSHIP? Do you ever sit down and TALK to her once in a while?

Or do you always come home at night with so much pep and vitality that you can't leave her alone? Do you practically grab her at the door? Are you unable to sit down with her for a few minutes and just carry on a simple conversation?

If so, your condition may be due to a high vitamin content in your diet. Or maybe you're the type who looks thru those girlie magazines? Whatever the reason, you owe it to yourself to take advantage of our FREE offer of VITAHARM A. K. CAPSULES, which completely sap your energy so that you don't become an overpowering bore!

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ANTIPASTO	0.21 mg.	EPICURE SALTS	5.02 mg.
COD LIVER OIL	4.82 mg.	BORNEO	1.59 mg.
INDIAN NUTS	6.51 mg.	LANSANA	7.24 mg.
ENFAN	1.75 mg.	EGG CHLORAM	2.31 mg.
SENGEN	2.65 mg.	CANDOR OIL	1.65 mg.
CHLOROFORM	9.99 mg.	STANTER	0.03 mg.

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Bronx, New York

A. K. 86

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[] Other's Plan

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Address
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Offer limited to those we have never taken advantage of before. ACT TODAY!



TO prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitaharm Plan, we will send you, without charge, a one-day supply of low-potency VITAHARM A. K. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how it saps all your energy and represses your every desire. With just one of

our trial capsules you'll be so knocked out, you'll barely have the strength to order any more of our capsules! Each pill drains out all your vitality so that you can just sink back and relax—and stop pestering your wife—or anybody else's wife! This is because each pill contains the amazing new superactive ingredient A. K. 86—one of the most remarkable vitality reducers yet discovered! It actually treads blood and weakens body organs.

IMPOTENCY GUARANTEED

We guarantee that you will not be bothered by the opposite sex after taking only one VITAHARM CAPSULE. This is because after taking only one capsule, you won't even be able to figure out who the opposite sex is!

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A ONE-DAY SUPPLY-FREE!

We offer you these free VITAHARM CAPSULES because they have helped so many people overcome their highly aggressive drives. Also because we are convinced that you, too,

will be helped by reducing your vigor, mainly because we're stuck with a whole cellar full of them!

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Vitaharm Capsules save you money in one very good reason. Namely, it drains so much of your energy that you haven't got the strength to eat! Save money on food—use VITAHARM.

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In addition to curbing the excesses of men, VITAHARM CAPSULES are also modified to fit the needs of women children, dogs, cats, horses, parakeets, poodles—and an extra special double-capsule for sailors on shore leave. Decide now which capsule you want and order yours today. MAIL COUPON NOW!



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